Northern Messenger

W. Bronscombe 1830 1908

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Man Overboard.

It is a dark night; the ship is going free under top gallant sails, topsails and courses —with a fresh breeze blowing. Suddenly the watch below are roused up. 'All hands reef topsails!' are the words passed along the decks. In a minute every one is at his station. The top men spring aloft with cheery hearts and many a lively joke, and lie along on the yards. One of them, as fine a seaman

as ever stepped, is at the maintop-sail-yard-arm, and has the weather-gearing in hand, when the ship gives a heavy lurch. In an instant he who was so full of life and health and strength, and exulting in them all, is cast into that foaming, raging, sea helpless and gasping. 'A man overboard!' is the melancholy cry. 'man overboard!' is repeated along the deck.

What help for him now? His voice, once so powerful, cannot now be heard amidst the howling of the wind, the rattling of blocks, and the dashing of the seas. Thick darkness, as he drops astern stretching out his hands imploringly, hides him from his shipmates' sight. The gale increases—the seas rise more and more—the blinding foam flies from crest to crest of the leaping waves. What hope of rescue can he have? A landsman will perhaps say 'None; the ship will soon leave him far astern; no boat can make head against that sea; no means will there be of finding him.' But does hope desert him? No. Why? Because he trusts in his captain. He knows that he is a man who watches over the lives of his crew; that there are means on board to save him, and that his shipmates will exert every energy for his rescue.

See! At that moment a bright light bursts forth: from the taffrail a large object falls into the water; it is a life-buoy. How cheering to the seaman is that brilliant light amid the surrounding gloom! It gives courage to his heart, it adds vigor to his arm. And why? Because he believes that it will prove the means of his preservation. Boldly he strikes out for the life-buoy; it rises on the crest of a wave—now it is hid from his view, as it sinks into the trough of the sea. Still he swims on courageously. Life is dear to him. If he can but once grasp firmly that life-buoy he will, he feels sure, be safe. The ship will, he knows, be speedily brought to the wind. Scarcely had he touched the water when the order was given.' The helm's a-lee, —the yards are braced up.

On he swims. He prays for aid from heaven as he never prayed before. The surge of the sea sends the life-buoy nearer and nearer to him. A few more vigorous strokes, and he will be safe. Does his heart faint now? Does he feel that there is no use in striving longer? Far from that is his thought. Still more eagerly does he swim on. With what joy of heart, with what thankfulness does he clutch the beckets which hang round the life-buoy! He climbs up—he seats himself astride on it. As he sees the ship standing towards him how cheerily he shouts to give his shipmates notice that he is safe! How cheerily they shout in return! The ship heaves to—a boat is lowered—and the rescued seaman is borne triumphantly on board. How his shipmates press round him! How warmly they congratulate him on his escape from death! Well may they do so, for under such circumstances, as you who read this full well know, how few, how very few escape destruction! —'Light in the Home.'

Log of SS. 'Strathcona.'

Incidents of the Way.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Our cruise took us at one time among groups of 'offer islands,' that is, islands lying off the main coast line. On these, besides the summer folk, numbers of settlers live. When visiting a poor family in one of these, and hearing the story of the months that had elapsed since our last visit, a young fisherman came in nursing a tiny baby boy. To see a young man in fishing rig nursing a baby is somewhat suspicious. He at once caught the puzzled look in my eye. 'Susie's dead a fortnight gone, doctor,' he whispered. It wasn't worth my while asking the cause. 'Consumption, I suppose?' 'Yes,' he answered, wearily hanging his head down and keeping his eyes on the floor. And well he might. He had heard more than once my views on hygiene. He had persistently neglected them. He knew how in my mind I held him guilty. It was too late to keep the pane out of the window in his tiny house now. He seemed to hope I would say something. But I sat silent, and he went out.

It was no better at the next harbor. As I sat on a settler's heap of net, and watched a fat youngster rolling about in the sunshine, the bronzed father came up and shook hands warmly. After a few minutes' conversation I asked to see the girls. 'Where are Mary and Alice, John? I don't see them about.' 'They're gone, doctor,' he replied. 'Gone, gone where?' 'I've lost 'em,' he replied. 'Lost them both? Where's Will?' 'He've gone too. I'se lost t'ree since I saw you, doctor. All of 'em pined away. 'Had they much cough?' 'Cruel, doctor, cruel.' I looked at the blissful youngster tumbling about in the sunshine, and remembered there were yet four others. That man at least

knows now, beyond all possible shadow of doubt, that tuberculosis is preventable, communicable, and may be curable also. But alas for faith in anything simple. Just as in religious creeds men's minds will reject any simple way of salvation, so our next patient, with a pleuritic rib and pain, precursors so often of the more fatal assault of the enemy of the lungs, pleaded pathetically for a Dragon's Blood plaster (Emplastrum rubrum). Because faith even in dragons and their essences as potent factors against the white plague, are so much easier to trust to than are simple fresh air, sunshine, and cleanliness. My colleague, who was examining patients at the time, being a Bostonian, had not learned the merits of this last named remedy, and was not familiar with a resource so frequently appealed to on our coast. Indeed, he at last even confessed he was absolutely unfamiliar with it—a fatal error when the psychological element is a really valuable asset. From the cabin I heard him trying in vain to defend himself, saying, 'Where do you get Dragon's Blood, anyhow?' 'From Carboneer,' was the prompt reply. 'But where do dragons live?' 'I never see'd 'em, sir.' But do you think there are such beasts?' 'I can't tell you, sir.' 'Well, take this plaster and stretch it tightly on over the ribs.' 'You're sure you haven't any dragon's blood, sir?' It was hard not to be heard smiling, even through the partition—it was so like the story of the argument about the knife or scissors.

On the way we called in to hear what we could of the progress of the gold-seeking party on the Long Strand. This sandy beach extends for many miles, and the delta between the two valleys of the Hamilton and Sandwich bays must contain four or five hundred square miles of it. The miners consider this an ancient glacial formation and contend it is charged with gold in no small quantity. They have now landed machinery, and are going ahead in good spirits and high anticipation. We have, however, seen the same before, and are not building any castles in the air yet—yet Labrador ought to contain gold. It certainly is the right geological formation—dykes of quartz or trap rocks put up through the whole length and breadth of it, the old Laurentian formation, and we remember Klondike and Cobalt, parts almost of the same country.

While visiting quite an elderly friend at one of our ports of call I was somewhat surprised to hear a baby crying. 'Is that baby yours, Hugh?' 'It is that,' he replied. 'The second wife, I suppose.' 'It's my third 'ooman.' 'Why, how did you lose the others?' 'T' first one drifted out 'o th' bay.' 'Drifted out; what do you mean?' 'It was Christmas Eve, and I shot a gull over near Ticoalak Point. It were blowing off shore there, so I took the punt to fetch 'un. But it blew up so hard, everything froze so as I couldn't get back. She se'd me, and in spite of her sister, she run down and launched t' flat. She said she might just as well go anyhow, if I did. My boat drifted into the ice, and about one o'clock I was so nearly frozen, I took out the two oars and tried to crawl ashore on them. I should 'a' died anyhow in t' boat. At last I got to an island and held out till the bay froze hard enough to let me get home. No, I never se'd her or t' boat any more. She were going to be confined, too,' he added sadly.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

The Dying Soldier.

'Put me down,' said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; 'put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying.'

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, 'Can I do nothing for you?'

'Nothing, thank you.'

'Shall I get you a little water?' said the kind-hearted officer.

'No thank you, I am dying.'

'Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?'

'I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with "Peace." Will you read it?'

The officer did so, and read the words, 'Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

'Thank you sir,' said the dying man. 'I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more.' These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with him he loved.—Selected.

The Victoria India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The picturesque city of Dhar, in Central India, must have presented an unusually attractive appearance on the 6th of December; the steadily increasing excitement and joy of the people would then be at its height, as on that day their young prince was to assume his full rights and prerogatives as Maharajah of the State; he is a youth of great promise and by a good education has been well fitted for his exalted position. In addition to what the State functionaries and natives could do to make the joyful occasion a festive and memorable one, the Christians gladly added their share, for the young Rajah has always shown great interest in the Missionaries and their work, making his accession to power a very welcome event to them; the Orphanage children fully shared in the general enthusiasm, and with some assistance erected a fine triumphal archway; to do special honor to the occasion it was arranged that the children should all wear new clothes,—the boys bottle green suits with caps to match, the caps being instead of the native head-dress so that they might be able to wave them, and the girls red sarées (a picturesque sort of cloak and head-dress combined) with blue and white striped skirts, so their colors were truly loyal to our Empire, red, white and blue; the girls were provided with white handkerchiefs to wave as the prince passed by; standing in line, waving caps and handkerchiefs, in their bright dresses they would present a pretty and attractive picture as the royal procession passed by, and their hearty loyalty would be greatly appreciated by the young Maharajah.

Our special Industrial Fund, for which we hope to raise $3,000.00, has now reached $1,000.00. This fund is to build and furnish workshops in which our orphan boys can be taught useful trades, carpentry, blacksmithing, etc., and tilemaning, which will enable them to earn a decent living when they leave the Orphanage, and in the meantime make them partly self-supporting.

This work among the famine orphans has been productive of most gratifying and encouraging results. The children are being well trained and are receiving a good practical education which will fit them to become useful citizens; the loving, persevering teaching and example of the Missionaries have led to a large number of them becoming consistent Christians, whose lives must, later on, have a great influence upon their heathen fellows.

The cost of maintaining a child in the Orphanage is $18.00 a year, which includes the Society's annual membership fee of $1.00. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 74 Furby street, Winnipeg, to whom all subscriptions should be sent.

Religious Notes.

Who would have imagined a few years ago that the time would be seen when high Chinese mandarins would become agents for the distribution of a distinctively Christian magazine? Yet such an apparent impossibility has come to pass. Dr. Timothy Richard, Secretary of the Christian Literature Society for China, states in the 'Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland' that on the occasion of a new series of the 'Chinese Weekly,' a magazine of useful knowledge interspersed with Christian articles, he wrote to several viceroys and governors, asking them to order a goodly number and circulate them among their subordinate mandarins and magistrates. In response the Governor of Manchuria ordered 200 copies; the Governor of Shan-Si, 500; the Provincial Treasurer of Shan-Tung, 2,500; and the Provincial Treasurers of Fuh-Kien and Canton, 400 and 200 respectively. Doctor Richard mentions also that in December last he forwarded a large case of books, the majority educational, but several of them religious, to the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, and that he has received a gracious reply, saying that inasmuch as China was now going in for reform in education, the books were most opportune and would be used from time to time as they were required.—'C. M. S. Review.'

The open persecution of Protestant missionary schools in Madagascar by the French Governor-General continues without abatement. The latest news is most disconcerting. In the beginning of 1906 the Norwegian Lutherans had in the province of Vakinankaratra alone 279 missionary schools (Parochial), which were attended by 15,000 pupils. To-day they have but one school with 60 pupils. In the district of Vangaindrano thirty of their churches have been closed since November, 1906, while eight had to be closed in Ambondrana. Official placards, fastened to the church doors, forbid the entrance of all, while in several localities the Government caused cactus to be planted at the church doors so that none can enter. Certain evangelists have been ordered to abstain from religious activity, while some faithful ones have been imprisoned because they held religious meeting in their homes, sang hymns, etc. The Paris Missionary Society likewise continues to suffer from this persecution, and the French Governor-General acts like an autocrat, making his decisions in regard to the closing of schools and churches without giving any reasons for his actions, though he often overthrows the decisions of the administrators of the districts in which the schools and churches are located. It can be well said that there is no religious liberty in Madagascar at the present time, though the constitution of France guarantees it. Is it not time that the non-French societies at work in Madagascar appeal to their governments for protection? The United States are interested on account of the work of the 'Norwegian Lutheran Church in America in Madagascar.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The Paper the People Want.

The first day of the new year brought to the 'Witness' thirty-eight percent—over one-third—more subscriptions than the same day a year ago, and each day of the new year so far has shown a healthy increase over corresponding days last year. It looks as though more people were beginning to be select as to their reading. They want it, as they want the food for their family, good and wholesome and nourishing. What men are beginning to want is a press that will furnish reliable information in its true perspective, and in such orderly shape that it will be information and not mere sensation. The moral conditions are equally at the mercy of a press that only wants to print what will best catch readers and not displease advertisers, tant is every ready to mount the crest of a popular and winning reform, out never willing to stem the tide—always with the majority, never with a forlorn hope, never bearing the brunt of the battle. The newspaper press is dependent on public support, and it is a good sign that that public is increasing that feels that it needs a press that will fight its battles and set before men high ideals. So long as good men approve of one kind of newspaper and send their subscription to another kind they are rendering less and less possible the high standard which their better judgment approves.

Your Sunday School Superintendent.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your Sunday School Superintendent. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1908.

Jesus Cleanses the Temple.

John ii., 13-22. Memory verses 13, 16.

Golden Text.

Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever. Psa. xciii., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 20.—John ii., 1-12.
Tuesday, January 21.—John ii., 13-25.
Wednesday, January 22.—Matt. xxi., 12-25; xvi., 23-27.
Thursday, January 23.—Luke ii., 40-52.
Friday, January 24.—II. Cor. xxix., 3-11, 15-19.
Saturday, January 25.—Matt. xxiii., 34-24, 2.
Sunday, January 26.—I. Kings ix., 1-9.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me where the beautiful Jewish temple was? Yes, in Jerusalem, on the top of a high hill, and, as it was built with polished marble and much gold it shone in the light of the sun and looked very beautiful. Does any one remember when Jesus was first in the temple? (Speak here of the presentation in the temple, Luke ii., 22-39). Then the next time we hear of Jesus being in the temple he was a boy twelve years of age (Luke ii., 41-50). In our lesson to-day Jesus is a man over thirty years old and again he comes to the beautiful temple. It was at the time of the feast of the passover, the same feast to which he had come with Joseph and Mary when a boy of twelve. There were crowds of people there. Josephus, a great Jewish historian, says about two million, and they came from all over the world of that day. The streets, of course, were very noisy, people were talking all sorts of languages, friends perhaps who had not seen each other for a year were calling out greetings just as we do to people at Christmas time. But then, when you got up to the temple, you would expect everything to be quiet and solemn. You know how, when you go to church you don't speak unless you have to, and then only in a whisper, because it is God's house, and you go there to worship him. Well, when Jesus came to Jerusalem this time he started of course to go up to the temple where God, his Father in Heaven was supposed to be worshipped, but when he got there after passing through all the noisy crowded streets, what do you think he found? Was it all quiet and solemn in the temple courts as it ought to have been?

FOR THE SENIORS.

We have in our studies from John so far seen in Christ something of the glories of his character as this disciple wished to portray him; a suggestion of his power (John i., 3), his patience (Chap. i., 5, 11), his voluntary humility, his evident divinity, his 'grace and truth' (verse 14), his sufficiency for all (verse 16), his public consecration to his work (verse 33), his tact and authority in dealing with the various types of men among his first disciples (John i., 35-51), and his quiet recognition of the fact that in him prophecy was fulfilled (verse 51). All this in the first chapter is merely touched upon; it is now John's aim to elaborate and establish his Master's claims. In the first part of the second chapter is the story of Christ's first miracle, in Cana, where we not only see that power exhibited which clinched his disciples' belief (verse 11), but we see Jesus naturally at home in the popular customs of the day, a favored and privileged friend among those who knew him as a man alone. He had time, in spite of the greatness of his mission, which he fully realized, for the common courtesies of life, the genial meetings with friends. This miracle was the first public assumption of his power, and after the short rest at Capernaum with his mother, brothers, and disciples, he went, as was customary, to Jerusalem for the passover. Here occurred a remarkable incident. Christ was venturing out of comparative obscurity on his public mission to the people. The traffic in the temple courts was an established custom not only acquiesced in but approved of for its convenience. Undoubtedly, the many foreign residents would require to know where their foreign currency could be changed for the Jewish money alone acceptable in the temple treasury. Again it would be impossible for these foreigners to bring with them their sacrifices or to drive the animals far through the crowded city streets. To render the services of this feast possible it was necessary for the money changers and dealers to establish themselves near the temple. The abuse came when they overstepped their privilege. It would have seemed human wisdom in Christ's case to have overlooked this popularly approved custom since it was not in essence wrong, only perverted, as they might have argued. But the wrong was there, Christ could not have suffered it to pass unnoticed and still have been himself. His authority came full upon him, and, one man against many though he was, it was unquestioned by the astonished dealers, the dishonest money changers, or the people about. The dumb animals, too, to which as the revised version makes plain the 'them' in verse 15 refers, gave him instant obedience. This is the first recorded instance where the divine anger of the gentle Jesus burst forth against the evils of his day and in this lesson also he first publicly claims to be divine (verse 16). It should be noticed that the reform effected was not complete, as again at the close of his ministry (Matt. xxi., 12) Jesus felt called upon to cleanse his Father's house of this sacrilegious traffic.

(SELECTIONS.)

Human anger resents the hurt; divine anger resents the wrong. Human anger is wounded in its pride; divine anger is wounded in its heart. Human anger laments the injury to self; divine anger laments the injury to God. Human anger cries out for revenge; divine anger cries out for atonement.—George Matheson.

There are thousands of instances in which it is better to suffer wrong than to resent it. But in all cases where a man would, by his example, take out of the community a bold and manly spirit to resist injustice and wrong, and make men craven, he has no right to set that example.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Meekness has its uses, but meekness may easily drift into mere cowardice, into connivance with evil, into complaisance toward wrong.—W. J. Dawson.

Verse 19. Destroy this temple. 'The word used in these three verses for "temple" means the central sacred building (naos), whereas that used in v. 14 means the whole sacred enclosure (hieron). The latter is never used figuratively.'—Cambridge Bible.

As Sadler observes, 'On two other occasions he held out to them this sign, and this sign only: (1) "When ye have lifted up the son of man, then (by the resurrection) ye shall know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself" (John viii., 28); and (2) when the Pharisees desired a sign from heaven, he said, "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall be no sign given it, but the sign of the prophet Jonah," i.e., of his own resurrection (Matt. xvi., 4).'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

I. Cor. iii., 16, 17; vi., 19, 20; Eph. ii., 21, 22; Jer. vii., 11; Psa. cxxii., 1; Mal. iii., 1-3; Lev. xix., 30; Psa. xxvi., 8; Isa. lvi., 7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 26.—Topic—The home-mission work of our denomination: a survey. Isa. lviii., 1-14.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 20.—The Golden Rule of missions. Luke vi., 31.

Tuesday, January 21.—Our brothers in need. I. John iii., 17.

Wednesday, January 22.—The sons of the stranger. Isa. lvi., 6, 7.

Thursday, January 23.—Thy neighbor as thyself. Mark xii., 33.

Friday, January 24.—Show mercy and compassion. Zech. vii., 9.

Saturday, January 25.—Helping by prayer. II. Cor. i., 11.

Sunday, January 26.—Topic—Children in Alaska. Matt. xxv., 40.

Teaching Christian Stewardship.

A Splendid Exercise for the Big Boys.

The Rev. H. H. Berry, of Ord, Neb., chairman of the state stewardship committee, has sent out a leaflet of questions and answers for use in Sunday schools which is of such excellence in covering the whole question of Christian stewardship that we give it place here. Its brevity, directness and scripturalness commend it to the use suggested. The exercise could and should be used in every Sunday school:

Superintendent, Question 1: Who owns the earth?

Answer by the school. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein.'—Psalm xxiv., 1. 'The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land.'—Psalm xcv., 5.

Question 2: Does God have any claim upon the cattle of the earth?

Answer: 'For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountain, and the wild beasts of the field are mine.'—Psalm l., 10-11.

Question 3: But surely God has nothing to do with our money. If we earn it, it belongs to us, does it not?

Answer: 'The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.'—Haggai ii., 8. 'But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.'—Deut. viii., 18.

Question 4: What then is our position toward God, and all the things God has made and owns?

Answer: 'As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.'—1. Peter iv., 10. 'Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.'—I. Cor. iv., 1-2.

Question 5: Then if we are stewards how should we do the work we are expected to do?

Answer: 'Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all in the glory of God.'—I. Cor. x., 31.

Question 6: How should we give money?

Answer: 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come.'—I. Cor. xvi., 2.

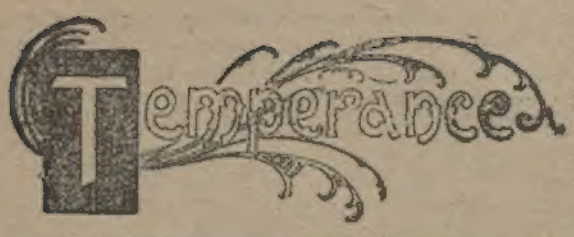
Question 7: Will God bless those that are faithful to him?

Answer: 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'—Malachi iii., 10.

Question 8: To whom are we responsible for how we use things?

Answer: 'So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.'—Romans xiv., 12.

That is a bad state of affairs in any school when, if any question is to be settled, the pulpit Bible must be appealed to because the only one available. No teacher should think of going before his class without a Bible and every scholar should be urged and encouraged to carry one. A little notice of those who respond will help matters wonderfully.



The Drinkshop Show.

(S. J. B., in the 'Alliance News.')

You wish to see the show, sir?
Then kindly step this way.
No, thank you, no; there is nought to pay;
Our show is maintained by the State, you see,
So we admit our visitors free.

You have never been here before, sir?
Yes, that I can well understand;
Though our goods are made on every hand,
To see the thing as it really is
You must certainly come to a place like this.

What do we call the place, sir?
It is known by many a name,
Though which of them has the better claim
Is not to be fixed by a man like me;
I'm only a porter here, you see.

Some call it a 'home for worn-out folk,'
And some the 'Haven of Rest,'
Though if these names were put to the test,
To my mind, now, they are neither true;
For the people here are an awful crew.

I call it the drinkshop show, sir!
For you must be aware
That all the things collected here
Are made in hotels and grogshop bars
By the stuff they sell from casks and jars.

Now then for gallery number one.
The exhibits here are hungry and cold;
Their food and clothes for gin they have sold;
They're dirty and thievish and murderous, too—
They would make short work of me and you.

You see, they were tidy and decent once,
But the corner pubs. were open wide;
They were often invited to walk inside,
There they spent their money and nousce and lands,
All to satisfy drink's demands.

The children here have no chance, you say?
Why, bless you, sir! they're drunk when born.
They have none of the rose, and much of the thorn.
Yes, this is the way to gallery two:
A different scene now greets your view.

The men are here, the women there;
They're mostly thus through drinking beer.
Yes, 'tis a kind of prison here;
We call it the Workhouse, just for fun,
Though precious little work is done.

'Tis true, they're wrecks before they come.
See the bloodshot eye and palsied frame.
Some old, some younger, but all the same
Publicans' victims, blighted and cursed,—
But even this gallery is not the worst.

This third division we call the gaol.
A dangerous lot, I think you'll agree;
Quite needing the gates and bars, you see.
They're kept in check by loaded rifles,
For folk like these don't stick at trifles.

You see that woman over there?
She killed her baby a year ago.
She struck it a fearful, brutal blow.
They say she was driven mad by drink—
A most distressing case, you think.

But only one of many, you know.
This man, for instance, crouching low,
He carries the brand of Cain on his brow;
He slew his wife in a drunken bout,
Though a husband kind when the drink was out.

Yes, we have thousands of them here;
Thieves and forgers, and many worse.
Sir, you should hear them often curse
The day they tasted the first fell drop;
For, having begun, it was hard to stop.

You've had enough, you say, for the time?
You may as well finish now you have come,
And see all the articles made by rum,
And whisky, and brandy, porter, and ale;
Just come and hear the lunatics' wail.

The articles here have wrecked their minds;
Some are harmless, and some are wild;
Some rave for parent, and some for child;
Some sit in helpless idiocy;
Some think they are people of high degree.

Some laugh an empty, joyless laugh,
And some are always shedding tears;
Some talk of hopes and some of fears;
Some are in padded rooms confined—
Choice samples of a drink-cursed mind.

Yes, the work is swift and sure;
The drink makes demons of them all;
And rich and poor alike they fall
Into the net of the brewers spread,
And soul and body soon are dead.

A rather gruesome show, you say?
'Tis true; but then 'tis sure to be
Till the love of God and humanity—
The Kingdom of Heaven—set up below,
Shall close for ever the drinkshop show.

The Recollections of One Reclaimed.

(E. A. D., in 'Alliance News.')

A pretty mess I've made of things, I said;
A wasted life is all I've got to show.
Full many years I've lived and struggled on,
And hoped to do some good,—but what's amiss
That I can make no headway? Something's wrong!
What is it drags me down? But need I ask?
I really know too well that all my ills
Are caused by drink—my greatest enemy,
Which, from the day when my companions made
Me stand my footing in the workshop there,
Has ever led me on with its deceit,
And with its smooth, soft promises of help.

'Though bread's the staff of life, drink's life itself,'
It has been said, and I, believing, went
Just where this led me, on and on, till now
Drink is my master, I'm its slave, bound down
With chains so strong I scarce can call my soul
My own. I've always had to work as hard
As most men have, but ever at my side
Stood drink to help me, as I thought, though now
It stands revealed, and I can clearly see
I've been betrayed, I know it now at last
For what it really is. Oh, that before
Someone had warned, and led me from its sway.
The doctors tell us now what I have found,
From my own case, to be the truth.
Sir Fred'rick Treves, the King's physician, says
That drink's a poison; that it is no food;
That, in the march to Ladysmith, he saw
The men who weren't abstainers first knocked out.
Drink doesn't warm; it doesn't cool; nor does
It feed a man, but this, instead, 'twill do:
'Twill harden liver, muddle brain, and when
O'ertaken by an accident, or struck
By sudden illness down, the man seeks health,
The cure will longer and less certain be,
Because his system's used to alcohol.

A fool's part I have played. I see it now
That I am well nigh past my work, and know
The palpitations that I often get,
And other pains, so queer, are greatly due
To my indulgence. Then again, I've not
A cent put by for rainy days to come.
My wife and children,—how I've sunk deep down
In their opinion, dragged them with myself
Along the dreary road to poverty.
Why have I been so blind through all these years,
As not to see how that small lad, my friend
In early days, who joined the Band of Hope,
And stood my taunting jeers, has beaten me
In all the paths of life—how, gradually,
He has acquired of houses quite a row,
Whose rents are now well-nigh enough to keep,
In descent comfort, all his family,
Besides the good he does 'mid daily round?

* * * * * *

Thus spake I, full of sorrow for the past,
But years have gone since then, and I am free,
Not, be it said, by my own strength alone.
My conscience, wide awake, did sore accuse;
I was convinced of sin, but 'twas no good
To leave things there—'twas no use still to stay
Within the gloom, indulging vain regrets.
'Twas better to repent, and this, I knew,
Meant turning round to face the other way—
To face the light, strong hope within my heart.
It meant a struggle, but to win was gain
Of all things worth the having here below,
And rich reward above. Each battle won
Meant that the next would easier be to win.
How changed my home! What pleasures now await
My fast returning footsteps from the work
I now perform with ease, and clearer head
Than used to be my wont. How changed
My wife and children are! No longer they
Look for my coming with alarm, and dread
Of what may happen. But, instead, they have
To unknown pleasures entered in. New joys,
New Blessings now are theirs and also mine.
Now Love's own brightness overspreads us all,
And make our hearts all glad. I bless the day
When first I saw my folly, and resolved
That, ere it was too late, I would amend.
Whereas I once was blind, I now can see.

Temperance Libraries.

A new enterprise is described in the Journal of the Patriotic League against Alcoholism, published in Brussels, that of lending libraries in small towns and villages in the province of Liege. A collection of books dealing with Temperance has been included in these libraries, and in a report received from Petit Warest, a town of some 2,000 inhabitants, it appears that it has been much appreciated by young and old, and the books dealing with effects of alcoholic liquors, and those dealing with other social questions, have been borrowed and taken home and read there. An inveterate drinker declared in a cafe: 'That since the librarian has given my son these anti-alcoholic books to read I hardly venture to go to the public house as my wife and children complain so bitterly, and tell me of the bad effects of alcoholic liquors.' At Sterpigny, where these libraries have also been established the people value the temperance books, and the librarian was told by one mother: 'You have saved us much money by lending these books, neither my husband nor my sons place their feet inside a public house now, all their leisure time is spent reading your books, and I have a thousand troubles to get them to leave off reading when I want their assistance in the house, but I do not complain. I only wish one thing—that it may continue.'—'Temperance Record.'

Write It Everywhere.

(By Frances E. Willard.)

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it in the copy-book
That the young may on it look:
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the rum slain dead are found;
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers by:
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright,
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it in the ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it large in letters plain,
Over every land and main,
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of State,
In the hearts of every band,
In the laws of every land,
'Where there's drink, there's danger.'

Correspondence

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, not far from Woodlands Station, on the C. N. R. Woodlands School got three prizes at the annual tournament for 'Grand Parade.' In 1905 we got second prize, a nice framed picture. In 1906 we got first prize, a banner, and in 1907 we got first prize, a colored picture of King Edward VII. framed. JEAN P.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The answer to riddle, 'the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of second Kings are alike.' I go to the Methodist Mission Band, but it has been closed during the Christmas holidays. On the 22nd of December our minister preached a sermon to the children. I will close with a riddle: Spell candy in two letters?

MILDRED WRIGHT.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live just a short distance from a river, and in winter we have lots of fun on the ice skating. We are going to have a new teacher for the coming year.

NORMAN WHEELER.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city and have two brothers and one sister. My little brother is so much company for me, as I am so afflicted I cannot go to school or any place without my waggon and sometimes crutches. When I have finished reading my papers I send them to a cripple girl, who makes a book out of them. We keep chickens and think them profitable. We live near a switch, and I enjoy seeing the trains shunting and going through with their loads.

BRUCE JOHNSON (aged 13 years).

I., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—When I wrote to the 'Messenger' before I was living home at Hickman's Harbor, but now, as you see, I am residing at I. This is not a very large place, there are only a few families living here, but it is very nice. There is one lumber mill here, and my papa works in it. I enjoy myself well here, especially in winter, because then I have lots of rides on our little horse Nellie. My papa is a total abstainer and he was very much interested in the total abstinence pledge which we had in our paper lately, and that pledge, dear editor, is my pledge, for I am glad to say I have signed it and I too to-day am a total abstainer.

FREDDIE BLUNDELL (age 8 years.)

O.S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—To-day is the first day this season that we have had a storm. There are drifts that nearly bury you up. We are soon going to flood the lake which is behind our place in the bush. I have one brother living and the other dead, who was the oldest. First were three boys, counting myself, and then two girls, the youngest. I have carried off prizes in all the drawing contests. I got a pound of grapes for drawing a bunch of them the best. I will send you some of them after Christmas, as we get them back at the closing.

FRED. COWAN.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My father is a fruit grower. I go to school every day and of all the studies I most like spelling. There is a smallpox scare around here. The nearest case is two miles distant, pretty close isn't it? Our school were all vaccinated last Friday.

FLORENCE McPHEE.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School in summer and like it very much. We also send for it for ourselves in the winter. The church is on our farm and the school-house just a short distance from our place. Napanee is about four and one-half miles from here. In going to my uncle's we pass the oldest Methodist Church in Canada and also the place where Sir John Macdonald was born, but the house is not there. I have collected missionary money for four years and last year I got about $8.00, while this year I have only had it a little over two weeks and have five dollars. My brother Harry, who is nine years old, drove me around. I will close wishing the editor and readers a Happy New Year.

LAURA M.

T., Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a large farm and am twelve years old. It is five years since I last wrote to the 'Messenger.' We have forty-three head of cattle. I have a colt named Jessie. I take care of the church this year. My grandpa and grandma live two miles from here.

STUART F. STALKER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Race.' John W. Paton (age 10), M., P.Q.
2. 'A Clock.' Mildred Wright, H., Ont.
3. 'Climbing a Grade.' Huntley Butler, S. H., Nfld.
4. 'A Dictionary.' Jessie Inglish (age 11), A., Ont.
5. 'A Flower.' Pearl Ritchie, S.B.M., Ont.
6. 'Bird.' Oscar Whitman (age 8), P., Ont.
7. 'Taking a Pig to Market.' L. D., Tiverton, Ont.
8. 'A Driver.' Cecil Sparrow (age 11), M., Ont.
9. 'Flower.' Tottie Cooper, C., Alta.
10. 'Kingfisher.' Saida Wright (age 11), H., Ont.
11. 'Making a Deposit.' Jessie Squires (age 13), B., N.B.
12. 'Egyptian Ibis.' F. R. (age 11), London, Ont.
13. 'A Flower.' Clara Griffith (age 9), H., Ont.
14. 'A House.' Jean Roys (age 8), M.R., Ont.
15. 'Ready for the Drive.' Mary Close (age 14), S., Man.
16. 'Oxen.' Bruce B. Walker (age 11), Z., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

James B. Helme, S.F., Ont., got 'three books, a pair of skates, and other things for Christmas.' Your riddle was asked before, James.

Georgiena M. J., Portland, Ore., says 'Portland is sometimes called "Rose City" on account of its many roses." Your letter was very neat, Georgiena.

Thomas Hicks, A., Ont., lives 'about nine miles from Niagara Falls. It is a beautiful place.' Did you enjoy the Christmas tree, Thomas?

Lizzie I. S., Oak Lake, Man., says 'there is a flag at our school. There is a lot of skating going on now.'

Lizzie J. Vase, D.C., P. Que., sends three riddles, but they have been already asked. No, Lizzie, your answer was not quite right.

Letters were also received from M. A. B., Little Current, Ont.; Libbie Duke, T., Ont.; Jean Clark, M., Ont., and Janet Dunsmore, B., P. Que.

'Minnehaha,' Beachville, Ont., sends a little story and some 'poetry' for criticism. The story is quite good, but rather too abrupt in its ending. The verses are not so good. When you write verse, Minnehaha, remember there should be rhythm, for rhyme alone won't do. And all about that is too much to explain here, but look at your last verse:—

There is no more winter holidays
That is so loved by girls and boys
There is no such short days
As the ones of romp and noise.

Now let us change it a little:—

There are no other holidays
Half so dear to girls and boys,—
No such short, such jolly days
As are these, of romp and noise.

Does it not sound better to you? Just by putting 'rhythm' into it. Ask your teacher in school about that word.

Flag Award Next Week.

Were it possible to give half of the letters from our 'Pictorial' boys that have been crowding our Mail Bag these past weeks, there would be very little Boys' Page left, so we show you only a few as samples, and invite YOU to fall in line with a similar letter:

Enclosed you will find 60c for the six 'Canadian Pictorials' you sent me this morning. Sold them inside of an hour. Will you please send me one dozen more by return of post.—Angus Cooch, Ottawa, Ont.

Received six copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' last night, and finished selling them to-night. Wish you would send me another lot. Enclosed find 60 cents. —James Clayton Cook, O——, Ont.

Please find enclosed sixty cents (60c) for six numbers of 'Xmas Pictorials' received from you. Please forward by return of mail balance of my order, as I can dispose of them at once.—Joseph W. Hare, P—— D——, Ont.

THE FLAG.

Next week we hope to give the name of the boy who has won the prize flag for largest sales in November and December, and we will also announce the prize (or prizes) to be offered for largest sales in the first three months of the New Year.

If you want watches, cameras, knives, fountain pens, etc., etc., drop us a postcard for a package of the January issue to start on, full instructions and our premium list.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—The January number has even more pictures than the Xmas Number, and they are beauties, too See contents on another page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Song of Life's Brigade.

[By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, in the 'S. S. Times.']

Wounded? Yes, but marching,
And singing as we go;
Singing up to victory,
Or death before the foe.

Weary? Yes, but marching,
And thirsty as we cheer,
That other lagging footsteps
May quicken as they hear.

Fainting? Yes, but marching,
To bear a comrade slain
Beyond the glare of battle
To friendly beds of pain.

Dying? Yes, but marching
In spirit where they go.—
Singing up to victory
Forgetful of the foe!

Betty's Object Lesson.

'What a horrid sight, grandpa,' exclaimed Betty, her lips curling with contempt. 'Whatever did you bring me here for?

'Take a good look, dear. Look at the water falling in, but notice there is none going out, which makes it so green and dirty; and then look at the frogs, and dead birds, and——'

'Oh, let us go, grandpa,' broke in Betty, impatiently. 'It will make me sick.'

'Very well, my dear,' answered the old man, smiling, 'come again with me to the top of the hill.'

'To see some more dirty holes?' questioned Betty.

'Oh, no, not this time. I want you to see something very sweet and clean this time,' and they walked again to the top of the hill to the spot where the two springs were bubbling out.

'Now, Betty, we will follow this little stream and see where it will lead us to,' said the old man, as he commenced slowly to walk along the bank, if bank it could be called, for at its source the stream was little more than a deep gutter. But as they advanced, the stream deepened and widened, and bubbled along merrily, while in the bushes near by the little birds squealed and scratched, transforming the combined sounds into something like a large organ which was out of time.

As they got further down the hillside the stream assumed something of the dimensions of a small river. Its banks were rather high and rugged, and were profusely covered with vegetation, rushes and ti-trees, while hundreds of little birds sported and whistled among them. By and bye the banks became shallower, till they were scarcely any higher than the water's edge. Here in flood time the waters overflowed the surrounding country, and kindly watered the dry and parched land. The consequence was an abundance of herbage. The long, green grass reached nearly to their knees, rendering comfortable progress somewhat a difficulty. But what was a difficulty to them was a luxury to the sheep and cattle which were eagerly devouring the sweet grass with very evident relish close by them.

They had not gone far when they met several other persons walking slowly along the river banks, while in some of the deeper holes some boys were engaged in fishing. As Betty walked along she could not help contrasting the difference between the two streams which she had visited that morning. How sweet this one was comparing it with the one on the other side of the hill, which emptied itself into the dirty, stagnant hole.

By-and-bye they sat down, and Betty's merry chatter caused the still air to ring with echoes.

'Isn't this a lovely spot, grandpa?' asked Betty, taking his rough hand in hers.

'Yes, dear, it is; don't you think it is nicer than the other one?'

'A hundred times,' answered Betty enthusiastically.

'And Betty, my dear girl, these two little streams which both find their source at the top of this hill have a lesson for you and everybody in the world who looks at them.'

'How funny, grandpa, how can little rivers teach us lessons?'

'You see, Betty, when these two springs burst out on the top of this hill, some fairies heard them talking. The one on the other side, which flows into the green hole, said that it hoped it would always be a spring and give forth water, but it did not want its water to run away, like other springs did; but it wanted all its water to flow into a big hole, a hole big enough to hold it all, so that it would not be wasted; and so it ran down the hill till it came to that big hole. "Oh, this will do fine," said the water, "I can flow in here all my life, and by and bye I will become a big lake, and people will come to me and praise me for being such a big sheet of water, and they will sail boats on me, and swans will come to swim on me, and I shall just be beautiful. But I must keep all my water for myself, even the horses and cows shall not drink any, and I don't think they will be able to, either, with these high banks." And so, Betty, that water has been running there for years, but it has never yet become a big lake, people never come to look at it, or sail boats on it. Instead of being nice and clear, it has become stagnant and dirty, and filthy.'

'I know why,' broke in Betty. 'Because water that does not run always gets stagnant.'

'Yes, my dear, it does. Now, the other little spring began to talk, too, but it was different to the other one. It said, "I am only now a little spring, but some day I hope to be a big river. A nice deep, clear river, with beautiful trees and wild flowers on my banks, so I must be careful to let my waters run right down this hill, over the meadows, and through the bush, and then I am sure to be a big river, but I must keep my water running all the time, so that it will flow over the meadows sometimes to make the grass grow, and the wild flowers, and the trees. I will let the horses and cows drink from me, and then they will like me because I am useful and pretty. And the people in the world will like me because they can walk beside me, and sit on my banks; but oh, I must keep running, and let my waters flow on, or this can never be."'

'And, Betty, this river has been running ever since, and other people are like you; they think it is pretty, and the horses and cows drink from it, and if you were to follow it on and on you would find it became a very big river and was used to supply some of the large towns with water.'

'Yes, and where does the lesson come in?' asked Betty, whose face was alive with interest in his story.

'Just here, Betty, but remember first that the green pool over there became stagnant because it got all the water, and let none run out, but this river became big and pretty because it let the water run on instead of locking it up in a hole.'

'Well,' interrupted Betty anxiously.

'There are boys and girls in the world today, Betty, who are just like these two springs. Some are like the green, stagnant pond. They get everything and give nothing. They want everything for themselves; they want everything in everything; they do everything must be first in everything; they do everything to please themselves, and don't care anything about other people. They are selfish, Betty, just like the pond. Because they are selfish people do not like them, and they call them horrid things. They have very few friends, because the other boys and girls don't have anything to do with them.'

Betty's face turned red, because she saw in the story a personal application to herself, but she remained silent, and listened to her grandpa as he continued.

'And there are some children just like this river. They get a lot and give a lot. They are unselfish, just like the river is unselfish. They do not always want to be first. They sometimes let other children be first, because it will make them happy. They will sometimes stay out of a game to let someone else play. They give away sweets and presents to make other children happy. They do not only live that they may be happy, but they try to make other people's lives happy also. And when they grow up to be men and women people like them, they like to be in their company, because they are unselfish, sweet, and kind.'

Her grandpa stopped talking, and looked down at Betty, who was quietly sobbing to herself.

'Why, my dear, what are you crying for?'

'Oh, grandpa, I was just thinking how much I am like the stagnant pool,' sobbed she.

'Yes, and so you are, my dear, but you are young, and can change yourself from selfishness to unselfishness if you try. You know, Betty, you can only change a water-course while it is a little one; when it grows big and deep it is almost impossible.'

Poor Betty's conscience troubled her, and she cried loudly, she felt how selfish she had been in the past, and there and then resolved to be different in the future.

'Will you try, Betty?' asked grandpa softly. 'You would be ever so much nicer, and people would like you so much better.'

'Yes, I will,' sobbed Betty, and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him passionately.

And she did try, and succeeded. The object lesson did her good, and the little girl that went back to Arcadia a few weeks later was not the same that came to her grandpa some time before. There was a great change, for Betty was selfish when she left, and unselfish when she returned.—The 'Spectator.'

In Nature's Aisles.

(John Kendrick Bangs, in 'Harper's Weekly.')

The woods and dales,
And the hills and vales,
These are the church for me.
The chorus sweet
That the birds repeat,
And the paeans of the bee;

The rustling prayer
On the still, sweet air
Of the leaves on the kindly trees;
The light divine
Of the soft sunshine,
And the woodland harmonies;

The sturdy strength
Of the mountain length
As it stretches athwart the sky;
The fresh clean thrill
Of the mountain rill
As it runs a-whispering by;

The perfumed scent
Of the meadows blent
With the pine of the balsam boughs;
And the sweet wild rose,
And the elder-blows,
And the grain in the brimming mows;

All speak to me
Of the majesty
And glory of God above,
Who made the hills,
And the dales and rills,
And taught them to sing His love!

Joe, the 'Seeable' Pet.

(By Mrs. C. F. Fraser, in the 'Presbyterian Witness.')

There was great excitement in our school for the blind one evening last week when it was dicovered that Joe, the mischievous fox-terrier pup, the pet of the entire household was nowhere to be found.

'You don't suppose he has really run away?' said small Anna to her chum, Lexy, in an awed whisper. 'I'm sure I don't see where he could get as much love as he does here.'

'Most likely he got frightened by the wind and snow and so lost his way,' mourned Lexy dismally as she pressed her forehead against the window-pane and strained her ears for the sound of his loved bark above the rattle of the frozen sleet, 'and anyway I'm sure he is starving for his supper at this very minute,' and the salt tears coursed their way down the child's cheeks.

Meanwhile half a dozen boys of our school had gone out in active search of the truant. Round and round the neighboring blocks

they paced, lustily calling 'Joe, Joe,' stopping to ask passers-by if they had chanced to meet a brown and white fox-terrier, and ringing the bells of private houses to inquire if the missing pet could possibly be harbored within. But though everybody showed a lively interest in their quest and new searchers were impressed at each turn of the way, no dog was found, and presently by ones and twos the disappointed lads came back to the school. Then just as we were about deciding that our pet must have been lured away by some dog-stealer, Joe found himself. Where he had been we will probably never know, but just at the moment when our younger pupils trooped off to bed, an excited little dog dashed into the front porch and in shrill high barks, a score of times repeated, seemed to shout triumphantly, 'I'm home, I'm home.'

And wasn't there a jubilee over his return! Teachers and pupils rejoiced alike over the vigorously barked tidings, and I am quite sure that Anna and Lexy gave special thanks at their bedtime prayers because Joe had come home to be loved and cared for once more.

'How comes it that the pupils are so fond of that dog?' asked an interested but non-dog-loving neighbor as he came in next morning to ask if the missing animal had been found. 'I should think they would be in constant terror of being snapped at or even bitten, and for my part, I am quite sure that I could never be fond of a pet that I could not see.'

Small Anna overheard the somewhat slighting remark. She had already been greatly overwrought first with anxiety over the loss and then with joy over the return, and this combined with quick indignation gave her unusual volubility.

'Joe is the most "seeable" kind of a dog,' she cried. 'He does all sorts of things to let us know that he is about. Sometimes he patters on the floor with his feet, or jumps up against us as we run, or perhaps he puts his dear cold nose into our hands just for sociability's sake, and sometimes, when he wants us to tickle him, he rolls over on his back and makes funny gurgling noises to attract our attention until we do as he wants us to. He doesn't talk exactly, of course, but he has a dozen different ways of barking, and each bark has its own meaning, and he understands every single thing we say to him. But as for snapping or biting, why Joey wouldn't think of doing such a thing to a pupil 'cause he just loves us all like we love him. Sometimes, though,' she added truthfully, 'he does a few things that he shouldn't, but all puppies are like that when they are young, and so we don't mind if he does sometimes tear up our handkerchiefs, bite the fingers out of our gloves and run away with our shoes.'

The neighbor's face was very gentle as he looked at the earnest little speaker. 'I can see now that he is a great pleasure to you all,' he said, softly.

Anna was quick to accept the implied apology. 'You see,' she replied, 'Lexy and I always give him his bath, so, of course, we feel even better acquainted with Joe than most of the pupils, and we know all his cunning ways.'

'Does he enjoy his bath?' questioned the visitor.

Anna nodded proudly. 'Every Thursday night I go to the superintendent's rooms for him,' she said. 'Most often I find him lying on the big soft rug before the open fire, but the sound of my voice is always enough to make him run to me and crouch close to my feet so that I can lift him up and carry him off. Bathing him is great fun,' she went on, confidentially. 'We get everything ready beforehand, of course, and I put him in the tub, lather him all over with soap, scrub him well with a little brush, and then rinse him off in fresh water. Sometimes he is very frolicsome and splashes us all over, but Lexy is always ready to rub him down with the crash towel before he gets too lively. He loves to be sprinkled with perfume, too, and one of the teachers often lends us her bottle, but he liked it still better the night that we puffed him all over with violet powder. He certainly does like nice smells.

'But once,' and here Anna laughed merrily at the remembrance, 'he was so very full of mischief that he got quite ahead of Lexy and me, for he ran away from us just when he was at his slipperiest and soapiest, and where do you suppose we found him but in the great dormitory jumping gaily from bed to bed, shaking the soapsuds out of him at every leap, and barking and wagging his dear stubby tail as if he was possessed. We had to get the matron to help us catch him, and a pretty race he led us up and down the big room. By the time we had got him, the coverlids and pillows were all awry, and the matron said that the room was "a disgraceful sight," but somehow, she did not seem to care much, though it did take her a good while to straigthen it, for you see she is just as fond of Joe as the rest of us.'

After Anna had gone our friend turned to me in surprise. 'I had not the least idea that a blind child would love a pet like that,' he exclaimed.

'Blind children are exactly like other children in this as well as in other respects,' I replied. 'Joe quickly found out this important fact and realized at an early day that the only way in which they differed from other boys and girls was that they did not see him with their eyes. After that he seemed to study the situation and to adapt himself to the demands it made on him. You would smile to see him going about among the pupils wheedling them with his knowing ways. One boy he always challenges with short, staccato barks until he persuades him into a romp. Another he approaches stealthily intent on rifling a certain pocket of a fascinating tangle of string, and he shows a lively appreciation of those who are apt to carry about a supply of sweets.'

'But does he never get in their way or trip them up?' was the question.

'Joe is far too clever to make such a mistake,' I laughed. 'If he is in a playful mood, he will perhaps contest my right to pass over the threshold and put up a mock battle of growl and gleaming teeth, but let a sightless pupil come along and he is out of the way in a flash. In his first days here, before he realized that many of our household did not see him, he was stepped on once or twice, and since then he has shown great discretion in getting out of the way of all sightless persons.

'But here he comes to speak for himself,' I added as an intelligent, pointed face thrust itself through the crack of the door, and Joe all a satiny gloss from his frequent bathings and with the airs and graces which he reserves especially for strangers, proceeded to introduce himself. So irresistible was he from the cock of his saucy ears to the merry wag of his be-shortened tail, that the heart of the non-dog-lover melted in an instant.

'I don't wonder the pupils were so distressed by his loss,' he said as he stooped to stroke the pretty head, 'for from what I have heard I can well believe that Joe, the unseen pet, is a most lovable, and as Anna said, a "most seeable little dog."'

'I Want to Know!'

(By Hilda Richmond.)

Cousin Amelia Spencer had been visiting the family from 'down east,' and the young people were much amused to hear her frequent exclamation, 'I want to know!' Not that they were rude enough to laugh, or even look as if their western cars were surprised, but among the many odd words and expressions they heard, this was more often on the old lady's lips than any other. And Cousin Amelia really wanted to know. She was as alert and active as in the days of her youth, though her hair was white and her kind face seamed with many wrinkles. She had the liveliest interest in everything about her, and the whole family was sorry when she returned to her old home.

'I used to think eastern people used that expression as a mere bit of slang or expression of surprise,' said Fanny, the evening after Cousin Amelia went home, 'but she really is interested. Lots of times I pretend I'm anxious to hear what people have to say, when I'm tired of them, but Cousin Amelia wanted to find out everything she could.'

'I don't like these curious, prying old ladies,' remarked John Trent, coming up in time to catch the last of the conversation. 'Always asking questions and running to tell everything they find out.'

'Cousin Amelia isn't a bit like that!' said Fanny indignantly. 'She never gossips.'

'Indeed she doesn't,' said Uncle Hugh, joining the little group of young folks. 'She is a living rebuke to the young people of the day in that she really takes an active interest in everything and everybody about her. One might almost say her motto is, "I want to know," whereas the rising generation marches serenely along with "I want to teach!" for a rallying cry. The other day some one asked James Rhodes to go along to a little gathering of country people, but he said loftily that he had nothing in common with those people, and remained at home. Judge Flint was there that evening and was an interested listener to the talk on farming. He told me afterward that the conversation would be of immense benefit to him in a certain case that comes up next week, so I felt rather sorry for James when I remembered that he had said in the presence of the judge that he had nothing in common with country people.'

'But what good would a knowledge of farming do James, since he is studying to be an electrical engineer?' asked one of the boys, respectfully.

'Not any, perhaps, but it would do him a vast amount of good to learn that other people in the world know something besides himself. He is actually getting lop-sided refusing to mix with people. To hear him talk one would think there was nothing important in life but the subject of electricity. He is neglecting to cultivate the little gentlemanly graces of life, and making himself a nuisance to his friends by his superior airs and profound contempt for unlearned people—that is, people whom he classes as unlearned. I hear that he has given up Sunday school and church because they are apt to intrude on his work.'

'I thought it was a sign of genius to be so absorbed in one's work as to exclude everything else,' said Fanny.

'My dear Fanny, did you ever hear of a genius who went about explaining to the public the importance of his work and the insignificance of everything else in life? There are men so engrossed in study and good work as to be oblivious of everything around them, but they do not slight people intentionally. Great people are always ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to common folks and are willing to learn from any source that presents itself.

My Story.

(John M'Neill, in the London 'Baptist.')

I was big enough and old enough to join the church, but I knew I had not the great qualification. I knew my father and mother wished me to join, but I was not going to the Lord's table simply to please them. In my perplexity I wrote to my minister. I put it like this: 'Minister, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all about Jesus, and all the Bible says of sin and salvation and heaven and hell. I believe all about it, but I don't feel one bit better. There is something wrong.'

Two or three days afterward I saw the postmark, and I knew my minister's handwriting. I will never forget reading that letter. Dear old man! I helped bury him over a year ago. The letter read:

'You will never know unless you should

BOYS WANTED ALL OVER CANADA to sell the 'Canadian Pictorial'—Splendid premiums, watches, cameras, knives, etc., etc., etc. Send a postcard to-day for a package to start on, and full list of premiums, etc. We trust you. You pay when sold, and get your premium.
Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.
P. S.—Read larger advertisement of 'Pictorial' on another page, also contents of the splendid New Year's number, and then send your order at once.

become a minister yourself, how glad I am to get a frank, open, honest letter from you about your spiritual condition, even although you are evidently all in the dark. John, you would quote the text of Acts xiv., 31, as if it read, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will feel easier;" instead of, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God says it. Never mind your feelings.'

It was like the lifting of a curtain for me, and I saw the whole spiritual region standing in an outline bold and clear. No great feeling even then. It was a case of seeing What the eyes are to the body, faith is to the soul. I was saved. I didn't shout. I took a walk, alone. I remember that morning saying to myself: 'Has the station been whitewashed?' The very dingy brick wall all covered with smoke and soot from the engines, looked whiter. It was not the walls, it was my mind, that was brightened, because now, in the Scriptural sense, I knew the Lord was mine. I didn't say anything, and the next morning I woke up, and my heart was just like a fire you had left burning over night, and I was as cold as could be. The devil said, 'It's all a hoax.' But I got grace to fight that battle. The minister said I was not to consult my feelings, and I rallied myself. 'Has God's Word altered through the night?' 'No.' 'Has Acts xiv., 31, altered?' 'No.' Then nothing has altered that I am resting on, nothing but my feelings. And you don't need to rest on your feelings. You are saved by trusting the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Art of Doing Without.

(By Minnie Leona Upton, in the 'St. Nicholas.')

There's a beautiful art that is sadly neglected,
And daily I wonder to see it rejected
By some who'd be healthy and wealthy and wise.
By just condescending to open their eyes,
And look at things fairly, with never a pout—
I refer to the fine art of doing without.

'Why, that's nothing wonderful!' maybe you'll say,
'I do without things that I want every day!'
Quite likely you do, but how do you do it—
With good grace, or a face that's as blue as a bluet?
There's a wonderful difference (just jot that down)
Between giving up things with a smile or a frown;
And that is precisely the difference between
The artist and bungler—you see what I mean.

You can't do as you like? Then do as you can;
I'm sure you will find it the very best plan.
Can't have what you want? Take what you can get;
No better device has been patented yet.
'Tis the bravest and blithest and best way by far
Not to let little losses your happiness mar.
'Tis an art that needs practice; of that there's no doubt,
But 'tis worth it—this fine art of doing without.

If I Were a Voice.

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the wings of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly—I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.
—Charles Mackay.

Your Pastor.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your pastor. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

The Story of a Little Mouse Who Wished to Live Outdoors.

A wee, wee mouse once lived under the roots of an old pine tree in the woods of northern Michigan. This wee mouse knew nothing about winter, because his mother kept him cuddled safely at home until Jack Frost packed his icicles and the south wind had swept the last snowbank from the evergreen forest. He thought that flowers always bloomed, that birds always sang, and that summer sunshine ever warmed the earth. To be sure the mouse was young, or he might have wondered why the squirrel stored so many nuts, and why the big bear wore his heavy coat.

Long, happy months passed before the little mouse missed the birds and flowers or felt the chill of autumn. Then he noticed that mouse families were leaving the woods a dozen at a time.

One morning as the wee mouse sat shivering in the doorway of his home under the roots of the old pine tree he saw his neighbor step forth from beneath a stump and peep timidly about.

'Farewell, brother,' said the neighbor in mouse language. 'It is growing too cold to stay here longer.'

'But where are you going?' asked the wee mouse. 'I will go too if you know where to find the summer.'

'Summer?' echoed neighbor mouse. 'Only birds can find the summer. Has no one told you about Jack Frost and winter snow and ice?'

'No,' replied the wee mouse in tones so sad that neighbor mouse felt sorry for him. 'Come, little fellow,' he advised, 'come with me.'

Snowflakes were beginning to fall, and the wind sang so dismally among the pines that the wee mouse was glad to follow his friend. On the way through the woods neighbor mouse told the wee, wee mouse all he knew of winter, and the more the wee mouse heard the sadder he felt. To live in a house instead of green woods, to travel up and down plastered walls instead of leaping through the golden sunshine among the wild flowers and mosses did not please him. He wished to live out of doors.

It was night when neighbor mouse and the wee, wee mouse reached the pretty mother's home. Her boys—Dale, Marion, and Harry—were in their little beds asleep, or they might have seen the two mice when they darted through an open door.

As days went by the wee, wee mouse grew homesick for the woods, although whenever he stuck his tiny nose outdoors Jack Frost was there to give it a nip. Snow was everywhere. Daytimes the little fellow kept out of sight; but evenings he scrambled about, picking up crumbs and tasting whatever was left uncovered in the pantry.

One night the pretty mother and the father of the three boys sat up much later than usual. Of course the wee mouse couldn't understand what they said, because they didn't talk mouse language; but he watched every move they made, and when he saw a chance he hopped straight into one of three trunks in the sitting room. The pretty mother and the father were packing the trunks.

'I have been putting the children's clothes in here,' said the pretty mother, bending above the place where the wee mouse was hiding. Then she laughed. 'Somebody—a small boy, of course—pounded a nail in the side of this trunk,' she explained, 'so it has a good-sized air hole in it. I hid the hammer.'

While the pretty mother talked she almost touched the little mouse again and again as she put Marion's shoes in the trunk, his Sunday suit, his everyday waists and trousers, his nighties and stockings, and ever so many of Dale's and Harry's small belongings.

'Now what shall I do with this fruit cake?' she asked. 'It was given to us for our lunch; but as we are not going to bother with a lunch on the train, I don't know what to do with it unless I pack it in the trunk.' And into the trunk went the fruit cake.

The next thing the wee mouse knew he was almost smothered beneath the weight of many garments. Down came the cover of the trunk, snap went the key in the lock; and the next day, although he didn't know it, the wee mouse was on his way to southern California.

Bumpety bump, bang, bang, and over and went the trunk. Then 'Choo-choo-choo, ding-a-ling-a-ling, toot-toot.' The train had started.

At first the wee mouse was frightened by the noise. Yet there was the fruit cake when he was hungry; and if he felt smothered, there was the air hole. On and on went the train, across the plains, over the mountains, and through the desert. Dale, Marion, and Harry knew why they went so slowly, 'puff-puff-puff, choo-choo-choo,' over the mountains. They saw the big engines—one in front, pulling the train, one behind, pushing up, up, up the steep, rocky sides. Sometimes the cars stopped with a short, sudden jerk that sent the three little boys tumbling in a heap and woke the wee mouse from dreams of the forest. Oh, how he longed to get out of doors!

Crossing the desert, sand sifted through the air hole in the trunk, pelting the wee mouse on the nose and filling his ears and eyes.

At last the bumping, banging, thumping, and jerking ceased. Dale, Marion, and Baby Harry had reached the end of the journey, and the wee mouse left the train. Perhaps he wondered what would happen next, when the trunks were unpacked in the sitting room of the new cottage in the San Bernardino Valley. He certainly kept ever so still, although Dale, Marion, and Harry danced about the trunk, talking all at the same time.

'Here, Marion, are your shoes,' said the pretty mother. But as she lifted one, out jumped the wee mouse, hitting her kerplunk! in the face, and making her scream so loud that the father came in to see what was the matter, and Dale and Marion and Harry laughed until they cried.

As for the wee mouse, out he skipped through the open door. One minute he paused, sniffing the air sweet with the perfume of roses and green things growing—air ringing

with the song of wild birds and as warm as summer in his own home woods. No wonder he ran by leaps and bounds toward the mountains. Ever after the wee mouse lived outdoors.

At least half of this story is the exact truth.—Frances Margaret Fox.

War—Slavery.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man: the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man?

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That is noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

—Cowper.

Margaret's Slumming.

'Well, what's up for to-day, Eleanor?' asked Mr. Greenleaf at the breakfast-table of the pretty niece who was spending her spring vacation in his home.

'I'm trying to coax Margaret to take me to the slums,' she replied; and at that word Margaret's brow puckered into a frown.

'We've been studying sociology at college,' continued Eleanor, 'and I'd like to see the slums of a city.'

'Well, Margaret can do slumming to the queen's state. She'll show you how,' said Mr. Greenleaf, and smiled proudly at his daughter.

She could not help looking up brightly, and, as if his words had given her a new idea, she exclaimed, 'Yes, it is a good day for the city! Let's get started early.'

'What are you wrapping up those flowers for?' Eleanor had asked her before they left home; but when they stepped from the car and were greeted all along the narrower streets by children, who bent eager eyes on their blossoms, Eleanor understood.

'One more for my baby sister,' begged a rough-looking girl, and she guarded the flower tenderly.

As they stopped in another group of children farther on, they heard a weak voice above them cry wistfully, 'O Joe!' and a pale boy answered, 'Yes, all right, Annie, I'll save you mine. She's sick,' he explained.

'Oh, take her some tulips!' cried Eleanor, and they heard him spring up the stairs, two steps at a time.

Presently Margaret stopped at a rickety tenement, and the girls climbed to the third story back, where a lame girl greeted them joyfully. Eleanor was surprised to see how quickly they were all three visiting merrily together. They left a book and some carnations with her, and as they picked their way down-stairs, Margaret said:

'She's the happiest girl now, and really earns almost enough to support herself since I taught her to make paper flowers and to knit. She'll rent those carnations to the girls who are going to parties. She has a wonderful influence over them, and over the other families in the tenement. Oh, here's my old Maggie!' she exclaimed, as a woman with a shawl over her head came toward them, beaming.

'Well, if it ain't Miss Margaret!' she cried. 'Oh, thank you! I'll put it in water. It'll remind me of your own sweet face,' and she stopped and chatted a moment.

'She scrubs the floors at the settlement,' Margaret explained, as she and Eleanor hurried along to their next call. In a school-room full of dark-eyed Russian tots they were welcomed by a gay little teacher.

'I thought the children would enjoy these tulips,' said Margaret.

'Oh, yes, and they'll paint them, too,' and teacher and children smiled on the visitors. They sang some of their songs, and almost before she knew it Eleanor was at the piano, singing for them. As the girls left they arranged for the teacher to spend Saturday picking wild flowers with them.

'We've just time for one call in "Little Russia,"' announced Margaret, 'before we take lunch at the settlement.'

It was a call on the funniest, most vivacious little woman, who sold them a brass teakettle and told Margaret all her troubles in the liveliest manner, while Eleanor sat fascinated by the chestnut false front which decorated the otherwise black head.

'Well, how did you find the slums?' asked Mr. Greenleaf at dinner-time.

'Why, well,' hesitated Eleanor, 'I don't think we saw much of them, but we had a lovely time, and saw ever so many interesting people and some of the dearest children and the sweetest lame girl.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Greenleaf, smiling, 'that's what you'll always find the slums to be like—if you go with Margaret.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Waiting for the Mood.

'Do you wait until you are just in the right mood for your work and find yourself full of your subject?' inquired a curious lady of the author whose writings she had often read and admired. 'Do you just write from inspiration?'

'No; it's from desperation, chiefly,' was the answer, though given with smiling lips and twinkling eyes.

There is little of the world's work of any sort done by those who wait for 'moods.' Special moods and illuminations do come, indeed, but they are seldom vouchsafed to those who stand waiting for them; they come instead to the busy worker already pushing forward at his best pace with the light and ability he has. It is wonderful, too, how many good things are born of desperation, of the urgent necessity that must find a way that dare not fail. The inventions, the enterprises, the great movements that have blessed mankind have come not from waiting for moods, but from pressing need that would not wait. Desperation has had more to do with the march of human events than has any brilliant illumination of genius—at least it has been desperation on the earthward side, however it may have been spelled in heaven. 'Must' is not a bad word for humanity. 'It is not the worst thing in the world for a man to find himself hemmed in,' says some one. With the Red Sea before, the enemy in the rear, and impassable rocks on each hand, the outlook becomes the uplook, and that is the only way to link desperation with inspiration.—'Forward.'

Drop a Pebble in the Water.

(Gus Williams, in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

Drop a pebble in the water; just a splash and it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Spreading, spreading from the centre, flowing on out to the sea,
And there ain't no way of telling where the end is going to be.
Drop a pebble in the water; in a minute you forget,
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet,
And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown,
And you've disturbed a mighty river, just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless; in a minute it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading, spreading from the centre as they go,
And there ain't no way to stop them once you've started them to flow.
Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute you forget,
But there's little waves a-flowing and there's ripples circling yet,
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,
And disturbed a life that's happy when you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness; in a minute it is gone,
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave,
Till you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.
Drop a word of cheer and kindness; in a minute you forget,
But there's gladness still a-swelling and there's joy a-circling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort, whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping a kind word.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

Nearly 2,000 square inches of beautiful pictures are crowded into the January issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial'—everyone of them of interest to Canadians. The cover in a deep blue is a fine reproduction of an oil painting showing 'New Year's Morning' dawning over a lonely Canadian farm house. Canadian winter scenes are well represented, such as chopping in the Ontario bush, splitting the home firewood, the first snow along the rivulet, sunlight in the snow-clad woods. The recent opening of the Canadian Parliament supplies some capital pictures—the entrance of the Governor-General, and a page of charming debutantes at the drawing-room. Another couple of pages show the adventures of the men, truly 'soldiers of the camera,' who brave unknown perils to secure news pictures. The centenary of Joseph Brant, the great chief of the Six Nations, is also represented in this delightful number. Eight sovereigns in one group, taken at the recent unique gathering at Windsor Castle, as well as the picture of twenty-five Royal personages, including the King and Queen and their guests, will be of special interest. This issue contains also some particularly fine animal pictures, including a magnificent leopard shot by a missionary in the forest of West Africa, and photographed by his wife.

The Women's Department contains a splendid picture of Lady Evelyn Grey; articles on 'Queen Victoria's Letters,' 'Household Management,' 'The Toilet,' and 'The Baby.'

The news of the month in picture and comments, wit and humor, etc., etc., makes up a very full and interesting issue, a pleasure for one's own table, and just the thing to send as a New Year's greeting to friends at a distance. No nicer New Year's card than this.

Only ten cents a copy. One dollar a year. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

Place your order NOW, or it may be too late.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Winning Doll.

(By Ella Beecher Gittings, in 'The 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

The Sunday-school was giving an entertainment to raise money for a new library. For over a month the teachers and children had been practising and planning and going to rehearsals. Catherine wished she could speak a piece on the beautifully trimmed platform before all the people, as Sister Fannie was going to do, but they said she was too little. Her class was to do nothing but sing some little kindergarten songs that were 'as old as the hills'—so teasing Brother Rob told her.

Even Rob had a piece to speak all by himself, and was going to wear a splendid soldier's uniform, with brass buttons and a tin sword with red tassels on it, and say some verses about 'fighting for the right' and being a soldier in 'an army of the Lord.'

As for Fannie's part—O! that was too splendid for anything. There were six little girls in it and each was to take her favorite doll and dress it up just as beautifully as she possibly could—and each doll was to carry a cute little basket on its arm. They had to pin the sleeves up to its waist so the basket would not slip off. The six little girls were to stand on the platform with their dolls in their arms, and each one recite a verse about her own particular doll. This was Fannie's verse:

'My dolly has come straight from Paris;
Her name is Annabel Lee,
And that she is perfectly lovely
Is as plain as plain can be,
Though dressed in the height of fashion
She isn't the least bit proud,
Although she sees fastened upon her
The eyes of all this crowd.
She carries this dear little basket,
That all who like her looks,
May drop some money within it
To buy our Sunday-school books.'

When each had spoken her piece the little girls were to march down from the platform with their dolls in their arms and stand them in a row on the table in front. Then the people of the audience were to come forward and put their money in the basket of the doll they liked best. Fannie was perfectly sure that her doll would get the most money, for how could any one help seeing that she was the most beautiful doll in town.

'Isn't it lovely, Annabel,' she said to her as she tucked her into her beautiful brass bed the night before the entertainment. 'Isn't it lovely that you can help buy our new library? I just know you will have a basket full of money, won't you dear?'

But Annabel's eyes were shut; she was probably asleep. At any rate she did not answer, but only smiled—as she always did. Fannie said her prayers and jumped into bed beside Catherine, who had not gone to sleep, but lay looking very sober, with her favorite doll, Nokomis, clasped in her arms.

'I should think,' said Fannie, putting her pillow into place, 'that if you must sleep with that horrid Indian doll, you would at least have a clean nightgown for it. Ugh! put it on the other side of you. I don't like that leathery smell.'

'Nokomis isn't "hawid" either. And Indians don't wear "night-gowns." She's got a nice beady dress, lots prettier'n Annabel's, and I fink she might have some "libery" money too.'

'The idea!' exclaimed Fannie; and Catherine and Nokomis turned over with a flop, just as Mamma came in to say good-night and put out the light.

No one could quite understand why Catherine loved her Indian doll better than all the rest. Certainly no one but Catherine thought her beautiful. She was made of buckskin, with a queerly painted face and straight black hair with a feather sticking up in it. Sometimes the feather got lost out or broken, but Catherine could always find another in the chicken yard or Mamma's duster. Indeed that was the only thing about her wardrobe that needed care.

Her buckskin dress, leggings and moccasins were embroidered with gayly-colored beads and trimmed with buckskin fringe, and all was sewed tight so that she was ready to go with Catherine at a moment's notice, wherever she chose to take her—and she could take her anywhere without mussing her clothes. If the wind tipped her buggy over when she went out to ride, there was no hat to blow off or earthen head to break or curls to muss. Altogether she was a very comfortable doll, and Catherine loved her better every day, in spite of the fun that Fannie and Rob made of her.

The next day Catherine spent more time than usual with Nokomis and talked to her a good deal. In the afternoon she carefully brushed the buckskin dress and picked out

its fringes. She washed the painted face, smoothed the straight black hair and found a glossy new feather for it. Then she stood her up in the corner and looked at her with smiling approval.

'You are pretty, Nokomis,' she said. 'I don't care who says you're not. And you want to get money for the libery just as much as those other dolls, don't you, Nokomis? And you shall, too. Now don't you tell anybody, dear, will you? It's going to be a surprise. Don't you like surprises, Nokomis? I do. Everybody does, I guess. I've got things all fixed—only your basket. I don't know what we'll fix for a basket. Oh! yes I do! wait a minute, Nokomis.'

And Catherine ran to her doll's trunk and took out a Mexican sombrero that belonged to the doll that went camping with her last summer.

'See! this will be just the thing. We can tie strings right 'round your arm for a handle—there! Now let me pin your sleeve tight to your dress. Now you're all ready, and your basket'll hold lots and lots of money. It's prétty big, dearie, and maybe it'll be heavy to carry when it's full, but Indians are awf'ly strong you know—specially the squaws. Mamma says they carry all the heavy things. You are a squaw, aren't you, Nokomis?

'Now, I shall have to hide you till it's time to go, because if they see your basket they may guess something, and that would spoil the surprise. Besides'—Catherine's face flushed a little—'they might not let us do it. And we're going to, aren't we, dear? I'm going to put you in my muff—I'm glad it is a good big one—and no one will guess anything. You can lie still there and keep nice and warm till it's time to go on the platform. There! You won't mind the dark a little while. Indians are very brave, you know. Good-by, dear.'

'I don't believe you'll need your muff,' Mamma said, when they were all ready to start and Catherine took it from her drawer. 'It's not very cold and it will be one more thing to look after.'

'O, Mamma, do let me take it! I'll keep it right by me on the seat and I'll be sure to 'member it. Please, Mamma, do.'

No one guessed how fast her little heart was beating or what joy came into it when Papa said:

'Let the child take it if she wants to. Come, we shall be late.'

And no one saw what a squeeze she gave patient Nokomis as she danced along by her father's side out into the bright moonlight, on the way to the church. True to her promise, she kept the muff 'right by' her, tucking it under the seat when she went to sing with her class. When they came back from the platform she whispered to the little girl who sat at the end of the seat, next to the aisle, and asked her to change places. Then, when no one was looking, she slipped Nokomis out of the muff and laid her on the seat with the skirt of her fluffy white dress spread over her.

Tremblingly Catherine waited until the six little girls, with Fannie at their head, tripped proudly down the aisle with their beautifully-dressed dolls in their arms, and just as the last one passed her, she and Nokomis slipped out and followed. It was all so quickly done that no one had time to stop her before they mounted the platform.

Bravely she stood her ground in spite of the nudge and whispered 'Go back' of the girl who stood next to her. And a queer little figure she made beside those larger girls, with her flushed face and downcast eyes and the funny Indian doll with the big sombrero basket hanging to her fringed arm. She did not dare look where Mamma and Papa sat, for fear they would motion her to come down. If she had she would have seen Mamma's face very red and Papa shaking with silent laughter.

When the girl next to her had spoken her piece, Catherine held Nokomis forward at arm's length and said in a clear, determined voice:

'Her name's Nokomis. "She's" prettiest of all! Please put lots of money in her basket!'

Then she yielded to the indignant punch of her neighbor, who thought she had spoiled their piece, and headed the procession down from the platform, amid shouts of laughter and applause. Straight to the table she marched—she had seen it all done at rehearsals—and stood Nokomis against the rack made to hold the dolls; and when the 'next girl' would have taken her off, there were cries of 'No! No! Let her be!' from the audience.

And when, as it had been planned, the people came forward, first from one aisle and then the other, so much money was dropped into the sombrero basket that it pulled Nokomis over and she had to be securely propped to stand the strain. Of course the other baskets were not entirely neglected, for that would not have been fair, but Nokomis was the favorite. When a man, with a bald head and a smiling face, crowned the overflowing sombrero with a shining gold piece, everybody knew that Nokomis had 'won out' for the library, and they all cheered again.

After that who could scold Catherine?

'Wasn't it a good "supprise?"' she asked, as she trotted happily home. 'I told Fannie that Nokomis was prettiest and she just wouldn't believe me!'

The Train to Sleeptown.

(By Gertrude O. Gaskill, in the Australian 'Christian World.')

I know a little traveller
Who every single night
Starts upon a long journey
That lasts till broad daylight.

Her ticket reads, 'Sleeptown Express'
Stamped 'Papa's Good Night Kiss';
And when she pays him with a hug,
He says: 'I thank you, Miss.'

Remember, too, that on this train,
You tightly close your eyes:
And no one reaches Sleepy Town
Who talks or laughs or cries.

So when the sandman engineer
His engine bell has rung,
The passenger for Sleepy Town
Must surely hold his tongue.

Be ready, then, to jump aboard,
Kiss mother at the gate,
It's after half past seven, and,
The train will start at eight.

HOUSEHOLD.

Richest and Poorest.

Richest are they
  That live for Christ so well;
The longest day
  Would scarce suffice to tell
  In what wide ways their benefactions fell.

Poorest are they
  That live to self so true;
Their longest day
  Brings but such good to view
  As they may need self's service to pursue.
—Selected.

Kindergarten at Home.

The prevailing thought for ages has been that concentration could not be encouraged in a young child without mental strain. This arose from the fact that our idea of concentration has been limited. Faces buried in books, eyes intent on the teacher who is cramming the heads with facts, such have been the pictures of concentration in the past. The child was taught to-day what it could hardly use until some future time.

We are thankful that in these later years we know not only what is concentration, but how to scientifically utilize the very life forces of the young and encourage mental power with very little strain. In order that knowledge may be truly valuable, we must find it in and give it forth from our vital self. It is as a preparation for receiving knowledge in this manner that we give the following suggestions for helping the little ones before they are old enough to enter the kindergarten.

The directing of the little fingers in the simplest occupation requires some mental concentration. The effort to guide the scissors or thread a darning needle is a step toward concentration. These simple occupations should be carefully encouraged with the little two-year-olds, for in the accomplishment of this lies the great source of instruction and amusement later on. If the little one has learned to keep things away from his mouth, colored beads may be given him. Send to some kindergarten dealer for a box of them in the rainbow colors. Select from the box the red spheres, putting all the others carefully away to avoid confusion, which would thwart your efforts to gain concentration. Give the little boy a blunt darning needle threaded with a strong string, and help his fingers in stringing the balls until he feels the joy of doing it alone. Make a play of it; call them red apples or cranberries or anything round and red with which he is familiar. This will occupy him for many days if you carefully guard him from weariness.

It takes a long time for the little mind to direct the unused fingers, and much patience should be exercised by the mother during these first efforts toward independent action. After he has played with the red balls the allotted daily half-hour for at least a week or two, and you have emphasized the thought of red, through comparison and association, he will be able to pick out the red balls from a number of red and yellow ones placed in the same box. As the next step, it would be well to have him string his red and yellow balls alternating in twos, helping him a little until he thoroughly understands what is meant by 'two red balls and two yellow balls,' not yet emphasizing the yellow as color, but simply as contrast. Having mastered this fact, the child is ready to string three red and three yellow balls, and gradually he goes through the various combinations of color, form and number, each step being thoroughly done.

When he starts out with a certain definite combination, say two red and two yellow alternating, do not allow him to string them in any other way until he has accomplished that one simple act correctly. This will cure the restlessness of that undirected little soul that requires so much attention and amusement. Concentration of thought, singleness of purpose—is there anything more important to adults? Then let us give the coming generation the benefit of our experiences, and consider how it can be acquired at an early age, assured that it is strengthening rather than taxing to the mental powers.

No matter how good a child is about amusing himself, he needs this systematic guiding a short time each day, his mind being directed to a certain thing which is evolved from and evolving into another, until a habit of continuous thought is acquired which will gradually swing the developing mind into completeness, roundness and harmony.

Mothers, this is a very simple thing to do for your little ones, and a thing every one of you can do, no matter how humble or straitened your circumstances. Follow up carefully and conscientiously the child's development, and you will sow seeds of usefulness into these too often unutilized periods of restless activity.

Longevity Influenced by Water.

Solid and dry as the human body appears, water constitutes more than one-fourth of its bulk, and all the functions of life are really carried on in a water bath, and, although the sense of thirst may be trusted to call for a draught of water when required, the fluid can be imbibed most advantageously for many reasons besides merely satisfying thirst. In the latter stage of digestion, when comminution of the mass is incomplete, it is much facilitated by a moderate draught of water, which disintegrates and disolves the contents of the stomach, fitting it for emulgence and preparing it for assimilation. Hence the habit of drinking water in moderate quantities between meals contributes to health, and indicates the fact that those who visit health resorts for the purpose of imbibing the waters of mineral springs might profit by staying at home and drinking more water and less whiskey. Water is the universal solvent of nature, and the chief agent in all transformations of matter. When taken into an empty stomach it soon begins to pass out through the tissues into the circulation to liquefy effete solids, whose excretion from the system is thus facilitated. Very few people think of the necessity of washing the inside as well as the outside of the body, and he who would be perfectly healthy should be as careful about the cleanliness of his stomach as that of his skin.—'N. Y. Ledger.'

Wasted Lives.

A young woman, scarcely twenty years of age, the daughter of influential and wealthy parents, brought suit lately for the possession of her son, in New York City, and in the trial the facts of her married life were brought out. Before she was fourteen she formed a street acquaintance with a young man, who declared himself violently in love with her.

She kept up this clandestine intercourse for a few months, and then eloped with her secret lover. Two weeks afterwards he beat her, dragged her by the hair down the stairs, and otherwise grossly maltreated her. Her whole married life was a succession of brutal cruelties and neglect. She stated that she was 'a romantic child when she first met him, fond of exciting novels and plays.'

In the same week three other young girls committed suicide in New York and Pennsylvania; two because they had illness or family trouble to bear; one because she had failed to take a school prize.

When the body of an unknown young woman was exposed for recognition in the Morgue at New York, about the same time, inquiries were made by ten different families, from each of which a daughter had mysteriously disappeared within a few weeks. In every case these young girls belonged to families in comfortable circumstances, had 'a good deal of time on their hands, and were fond of exciting books and plays.'

The 'Companion' has again pointed out the evil results of allowing boys and girls to 'imbibe the immoral poison of the flash novels and newspapers, which had much to do with inflaming the passions and imaginations of these unfortunate girls. But there were also other causes to blame.

It appears in every case that the girl had no work or interests in life beyond her school tasks; she took no part in any cheerful work in the household; she was not the confidential friend of her mother, as she would have been had she lived where money and servants were not so plenty, and she would have had her part in the daily sewing, cleaning and cooking of the family. The time in which she was not occupied with school she gave to unwholesome reading, and companions as young and ignorant as herself.

When trouble or disease came to her, as they do to everybody, she had neither religious faith, nor the hearty, sound commonsense which honest work teaches, with which to meet them. Nothing but the morbid, sickly fancies drawn from cheap novels and poems. They had no idea of a cheerful struggle against disaster, or of humble submission to a loving Father; they must have either full gratification of their desire, or death.

The dead faces of these poor girls in their graves, or, still worse, their ruined lives, teach a lesson to other girls and to their mothers which no words of ours can strengthen.—'Youth's Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

Apple Pudding.—Butter a deep baking dish; slice into this tart apples, peeled and cored, enough to fill the dish. Mix half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of cinnamon with a cupful of sugar and sprinkle in; a little water and a tablespoonful of butter cut in bits. Sift together one and a half cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; work into this with the tips of the fingers three tablespoonfuls of butter; beat an egg with three-quarters of a cupful of milk and stir in. When thoroughly mixed spread over the apples and bake slowly for three-quarters of an hour. In serving invert the dish so as to have the apples on top. Serve hot with cream.

Chicken Salad.—Take a cold boiled chicken, cut into thin strips, then into small pieces; add a pint of chopped celery. Mix with the following dressing: One cup vinegar, put in a porcelain kettle to boil; add one teaspoon salt and a little cayenne pepper; beat three eggs, take one tablespoon mustard and two of sugar and add a little at a time a cup of sweet cream; add all to the eggs, and last of all pour the boiling vinegar over it, stirring constantly; then return it to the fire and boil one minute, until it thickens. When cold add to the chicken.

Coffee Jelly.—When one has to make a dessert in a hurry without using eggs, try coffee jelly. Take a large cupful left from breakfast and sweeten to taste; add a level tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a quarter of a cup of cold water and half a cup of boiling water poured over it afterwards; strain and set this in a mould; serve very cold with whipped or plain cream. Or, break it up into bits and serve in tall glasses with a bit of whipped cream on top of each one.

Home-made peanut candy.—Shell, skin and roll fine a quart of peanuts; this quantity will fill evenly a coffee cup. Put a heaping coffee cupful of granulated sugar into a porcelain-lined saucepan and set over a very hot fire, and stir until it melts, which it should do very quickly. Before this put the peanuts in the oven to heat through, and butter pans and set them on the back of the range to be kept hot. As soon as the last of the sugar is melted, pour the hot peanuts into it, take directly from the fire, and pour into the hot buttered pans. To be at its best, the candy should be thin and crisp when cold.

Your Teacher.

Please show the Northern Messenger' to your teacher. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

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The 'Witness' is one of the strongest and healthiest influences in Canadian journalism.—'Daily Express,' Woodstock, Ont.

The 'Witness' is one of the best and most reliable newspapers published in the Dominion and deserves the large patronage it receives.—'Recorder,' Mitchell, Ont.

The Montreal 'Witness' has issued a special industrial number, which is a credit to that newspaper, and also to the city in which it is printed.

city in which it is printed.—'Star,' Toronto, Ont.

The 'Witness' is always up-to-date in its ideas.—'Mirror,' Meaford, Ont.

Hundreds of other similar references could be quoted did space permit, including nearly all the leading papers in Canada. But few would have time to read more, and no one would need more than the above to convince them of the position the 'Witness' occupies throughout Canada.

The 'Daily Witness,' $3.00 a year.
The 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' $1.00 a year.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

THE PUBLISHERS TO THE READER.

The effort of the publishers of the 'Witness' is:

1.—To give the news in the most informative way possible.
2.—To supply the family with abundant reading of an interesting and wholesome kind. They are
3.—Strenuously striving to serve their day and generation to the utmost of their capacity.

The signs are that the readers of the 'Witness are co-operating with them in this effort by doing what only they can do—extending its circulation. We look to every reader as a partner in the business to do his best for its furtherance. Only by the earnest co-operation of all who wish to see such a paper succeed can it prove such a success as they would like.

To those who have already done their part and to those who are going to, we would say

THANK YOU.

"It is to the credit of Canadians that this valuable daily and weekly 'Witness' is being more and more appreciated by them."—"Observer," Costicook, Que.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 5927.—SMALL GIRLS' COAT.

A smart, serviceable little coat of tan covert could easily be developed after this design. The garment is cut on the simplest lines, the back is seamless and the front laps in double breasted style. The plain sleeves are completed by prettily shaped cuffs. A collar-facing of brown velvet strapped with the cloth, gives the finishing touch to the stylish little garment. Cheviot, storm serge, broadcloth, and English suiting will all develop well after this design. For a child of 12 years 2 1-2 yards of 44 inch material will be required. Sizes for 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

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N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

Grandpa's Prescriptions.

'It's because he's industrious,' said Lily. 'He's always busy.'

'It's because of his cheerful disposition,' said Janet. 'Whoever heard Grandpa Brown complain? If the sky were black with clouds, he'd find a sunbeam somewhere.'

'Perhaps you are both right,' said the mother. 'His cheerfulness has kept grandfather young, and his love for work keeps him cheerful.'

The conversation was begun by Janet's remarking, 'Oh, I have such a headache! And there goes Grandpa Brown to his day's work, looking as if he never had an ache or pain in all his life. I pay for my appetite in dreadful headaches and indigestion.'

'Don't rock so, Janet! I'm almost too nervous to live,' interrupted Lily; and her sister replied: 'I wish you had grandpa's steady nerves. What are rockers for, I wonder?'

The next day Grandpa Brown rang the doorbell and stopped in for a little visit. The old man's cheeks were ruddy from his walk in the morning air. 'How are you all?' he asked, taking an easy chair before the fire.

'I have been real sick, grandpa,' said Janet. 'I'd do anything in this world to get well, but I've spent so much on medicines and nothing helps me. Really, I think I have tried all known remedies for indigestion.'

'Except one,' replied Grandpa Brown. 'But maybe you never heard of this tonic of mine. I have always used it.'

'I didn't know you ever took medicine,' said Janet. 'Do tell us what it is! You certainly are a good advertisement for it.'

'It's cheap,' the old gentleman continued, 'only costing a bit of self-denial, especially at first; it both prevents and cures that dreadful indigestion—'

'Don't describe it any further, grandpa, but tell us at once what your remedy is called.'

'M-o-d-e-r-a-t-i-o-n,' said Grandpa Brown, impressively. 'It is neither bought nor sold, yet few are wise enough to use it, though even the Bible recommends its use when it bids us be temperate in all things.'

Janet looked disappointed, but Lily said: 'You're better than a doctor, Grandpa Brown, so please prescribe for me next. What is good for nervousness?'

'I know of just one sure cure; out-door exercise. Air and sunshine are good for all Lilies. Get some flowers and care for them, and nature will make a flower of you.'

'One thing about health,' he went on, 'is that you must not think too much about it. Do not worry over your little ills, rise above them. Work when you can; it is so much better than moping.' With this the little talk on health came to a close, but the wholesome prescriptions were not forgotten. Selected.

Your father or mother would be glad to see the big offers we make them on page 13.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

His Coming.

(By Amos R. Wells, in the 'C. E. World.')

Were a king to come to my lowly home,
Or a prince or a duke or an earl,
What a cleansing would furbish the whole of the house,
Till it shone as pure as a pearl!

How the best that I had, on the floor and the bed,
On table and mantel and wall,
Would gladly be lavished and eagerly spread,
And I be ashamed of it all!

Yet the Monarch of monarchs, the Only Supreme,
The Lord whom the heavens obey,
The Splendor that passes the height of a dream,
Will visit my household to-day;

And the shutters are closed, and the cobwebs are thick,
And a hinge is off of the door,
And I, in a garment of wretchedness clad,
Am down in the dirt on the floor!

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies .. ..$	.40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed, if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed, if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage Included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong and Cyprus.

U. S. Postage 50c extra to the United States Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, except in clubs, to one address, when every four copies will be fifty cents extra postage per annum.

Foreign Postage to all countries not named in the above list, **fifty cents extra.**

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

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'Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' worth $3.40, for.. .. ..$3.10

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'Messenger' and 'World Wide,' worth $1.90, for.. .. ..$1.75

'Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.90, for only.. .. ..$2.20

'Canadian Pictorial,' our best premium, may be added to the above clubs for only fifty cents extra.

'Messenger' and 'Pictorial,' worth $1.40, for.. .. ..$1.00

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUBS.

'Northern Messenger,' 'Daily Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $5.00.. .. ..$3.70

'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide' and 'Canadian Pictorial,' $3.90.. .. ..$2.70

N.B.—The club rates include many foreign countries, but not such countries as require extra postage (including the United States and its dependencies) nor is the city of Montreal or its suburbs included in the above club offers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'